THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co., Publishers.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1847. WHOLE NO. 1366.

Original Poetry.

WHAT MY FANCY PICTURES THEE.

DEDICATED TO GRACE GREENWOOD

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY ELLA ELWOOD

Yes, thou art bright and beautiful;
An unclouded spirit on earth's blue
A creature young and fairy like
A thing all poetry and grace

Thy cheeks are like some sweet opening bud
Destined for June to wake a tone
No fairer the blush that lingers there
Than thine yet we know not thou art

Those eyes are full of love as light
They win the heart and charm it too
While from them shoot those lasting graces
Forever charming, ever new

Thy voice, the music of a bird
The little child doth love it well
For on that tone our's fate
Like the sweet music of a bird

The air appears to hear thee speak
It makes those spirits young again
The flowers their sparkling tones drink in
And low, bowed of head they seem

Thy step is like the graceful gazelle
A mother, who in motherhood
Prays that she may not lose the well
Her adopted child

A cedar looks on thee with pride
Thou gazest on its sister's face
And well may it be proud of such
Nature produces of a nature fair

Thou art the model of thy sister
In every spirit and in sun
Without their loving hearts gone out
Would wither and shrivel up and die

Daughter of beauty and of fame
Upon thee rewards Heaven's show
Oh may it ever be thy aim to shine
There choose among the chosen one

OH, HAD I THE WINGS OF A DOVE TO SOAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE

Oh, had I the wings of a dove to soar
I would spread all lonely my flight
I would bend o'er the waters to the gloaming world
And there would I find my heart's delight

Oh, had I would go where a sunlight shed
But not as in the wanton gaze
It should not be the world you tread
To the music it makes most

Oh no what I would enjoy on
Like a spirit freed to the
I would mingle with the gentle
To the music it makes most

But not for the gold or the flashing gem
Or could I own a the wide
Would I barter the heart's best treasure of more
The heart that was dedicated to thee

I would find it true right under on
Till the heart's pulse shall
I would speak, or read for the weary soul
And of pure unknown to Heaven

I will gather flowers from the morass of I fear
As the woman seeks memory on
But a sketch a drama of a burning fever
On the cursed that sang both were

A sweet which is not a lonely bud
For it lacks the love to see
A flower that was would wish the fate
When it lacks the love to see

Better than wrapped of the sunning dew
On the poet's lofty pure
Than a that pure love
In a low and noble heart

Original Tales.

PAYING THE MINISTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY J. H. INGRAHAM.

"Money, money, money! That's the everlasting cry! I'll stay at home and read the Bible. Not that I care much for the Bible either, but I do find more in the word than in the world; but this selling of salvation for gold disgusts me. I'm sick to death of it!"

"But hear, Reed, Mr. Elder, what we want money for," said Mr. Elder, one of the vestrymen of the church to which Reed had been elected. "You must know that our minister's salary is very small; in fact, entirely insufficient for the maintenance of his family. He has, as might be supposed, fallen into debt, and we are making an effort to raise a sufficient sum to relieve him from his unpleasant embarrassment."

"I know it perfectly well, Mr. Larkin. Mr. Pelton never received less than seven hundred dollars a year. There were always extra subscriptions made at him."

"I never gave any thing more than my regular subscription and pew rent."

"It is more than I can say, then. In presents of one kind and another and in money it never cost me less than seven hundred dollars a year, and in a great extra. Having been in the vestry for the last two years, I happen to know that there was always something to be raised for the support of the family, and it generally came out of the pockets of a few."

"Well, I don't mind, that is all I have to say," returned Mr. Larkin. "A minister has no business to saddle himself upon a congregation in that way for less than he ought to get. It is an injustice, and one that I am not going to stand. I'm opposed to all these forced levies, from principle."

"I rather think that Mr. Pelton will stay on as the wish of the congregation," said Mr. Elder. "I think they are not only to blame, but really dishonest in having upon a man for the support of a minister that is plainly inadequate to his maintenance. Here, in our parish, no minister could or will remain who can not suggestly tender of two hundred dollars."

"A thousand dollars! I don't believe any minister ought to receive such a salary. I have no notion of tempting, by inducements like that, men of brains into the sacred office."

"Pardon me, Mr. Larkin, but how much does it cost you to live? Not less than two thousand five hundred dollars a year, I presume."

"But I don't put my expenses along side of the minister's. I can afford to spend all that it costs me. I have honestly made what I possess, and have a right to enjoy it."

"I didn't question that, Mr. Larkin. I only turned your thoughts in this direction, that you might realize in your own mind how hard it must be for a man with a family of three children, just the number that you have, to live on four hundred dollars a year."

But the allusion to matters personal to Mr. Larkin, gave that gentleman a fine opportunity to feel offended; which he did not fail to embrace and close the interview.

This was Mr. Elder's first effort to obtain a subscription for paying off the minister's debt. It quite disheartened him. He had intended making three calls on his way to his store that morning, for the purpose of trying to raise something for Mr. Malcolm; but he felt so discouraged by the reception he had met with from Mr. Larkin, that he passed on without doing so. Near his store was a carriage repository. The owner of it put his head upon his shoulder as we passed by and beckoned for him to walk a time.

"Good morning, Mr. Elder," said the gentleman, as he entered. "Any thing new?"

"Ah!"

"Yes. It is for Mr. Larkin."

"Indeed! How much does it cost him?"

"Eight hundred dollars."

"He ought to have a fine pair of horses for so fine a carriage."

"And so he has. He bought a noble span last week for a thousand dollars."

Mr. Elder felt that he could in praise of the elegant carriage; but he couldn't say much, for he had no heart to do so. He left soon after, and then call upon us to get him out of his difficulties. It isn't the first time though. I don't mind a few lots any more than you do; but I like principle. I like to see all men, especially ministers, stick to their text. Malcolm never would, he came here what we could afford to give him, and if he couldn't live upon that he had no business to come. That's what I think of it, and I always speak out my mind plainly."

Mr. Elder made no more begging calls on that day. But he tried it again on the next, and found that Larkin had been over the ground before him, and had made all sorts of unfavorable impressions of the thing, that he could do little or nothing. There was a spasmodicness about Larkin's manner at all feeling to be much that could prevail. He was not with him; particularly as what he said seemed their conclusion to keep a right hold on their purse strings. He found that he stopped in Mr. Elder, and left him to talking, and doing more mischief than he thought for.

The Rev. Mr. Malcolm was a man about thirty years of age. He had taken orders a couple of years previous to the date of the call to the parish where he now preached. At the time of doing so, he was engaged to teaching a school, from which he derived a very respectable income. Upon the Bishop who ordained him, recommended the parish of Mr. Malcolm, which was then vacant, to offer to him. Mr. Malcolm, which was then vacant, to offer to him. He was an honest, conscientious man, and was sincere in his desire to do good. He believed that he had been so believed himself called. When the invitation to settle at Cwas came, he left home and visited the parish, to see for himself what was required, whether it was his duty to go there or not. On his return, his wife inquired, with a good deal of interest, how he liked the place, and if he thought he could go there.

"I think I shall accept the call," he said. "This is now my opinion. But I may change it."

"Don't you like the people?" inquired Mrs. Malcolm.

"Yes, as far as I saw them they were very pleasant, good sort of people. But the salary is so terribly low."

"How much?"

"Four hundred dollars a year, and the parsonage, and that is all. How can we live on that, and a family to feed dollars?"

"Is that all?" lisped Mrs. Malcolm, in an astonished tone. "Four hundred dollars a year! Why, I have spent that sum myself in one year."

"Not more than you ever?"

"Indeed! So much."

"Then, my dear, you must let people do things in their own way. We can live on seven hundred dollars here, and I therefore think it our duty to give up my school, and accept the call."

"No one, certainly, can charge you with not doing your duty, Mr. Malcolm," said his wife, "if you can live on a thousand dollars, and is increasing."

"I will try and keep my mind free from all worldly thoughts, and devote it to my duty," returned Mr. Malcolm—and endeavor to do right for his family."

The wife of the Rev. Mr. Malcolm fully sympathized with her husband in his wish to enter upon the duties of his sacred calling, and was ready to make any sacrifice that could be made in order to set him in the position he so much desired to occupy. The Rev. Mr. Malcolm, therefore, wrote a letter to giving up their pleasant home and sufficient income, but went with him cheerfully to Cwas, and there made every effort in their power to use the means to their undoing.

It was the easiest thing in the world for ministers, then to reduce them. We are used to a certain free way of living, and it is one of the most difficult things in the world to change. We have all, by nature, a love of ease, and that pleasant indulgence, and come right down to the meagre necessaries of life. This is a very unpleasant thing to do, and it is not to be wondered at that they were in existence at what they were about, and practised the required self-denial. But the minister—he was willing to live upon the means he had, and to practise economy and the pockets of a few."

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"And that's

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1847.

TERMS.

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OUR NEW PROSPECTUS.

It will not be absolutely necessary for our readers to look over carefully, in order to see on one third page, our "New Prospectus." And seeing, we trust they will heed its *fullest* strains, and show their faith in its promises by their works. For although we have to thank our friends kindly for the help they have afforded us the past year, and to acknowledge to the fact of a rapidly increasing subscription list during that period, yet there are "a few more left," as the Baxter Street Man says, and publishers are one of the three things (can't it *three*?) which, Solomon declares, "never say enough." In fact, after we have taken a good deal of trouble to get out a splendid sheet, full of nutriment, good advice, interesting tales, and news, &c., our only regret is that we have not about a hundred thousand subscribers to get the good of it. But, "Edwards!" we hear some of you have about that many one of these days—and it is the interest of our subscribers, as well as our own, that we should have them: for, just in proportion as our list increases, are we able to improve our paper, with a continually increasing disregard of "expense," and each other petty considerations. *May we not add it is our subscribers, therefore, much perfect from them, to use a little exertion to our behalf?* Our terms are liberal, as will be seen by referring to the Prospectus—and then, as the greatest inducement of all, we promise to make the Post for the next year, a first-rate paper.

EDITORIAL GOSSIP.

Well, reader, what do you think of "Paying the Minister?" Has not Mr. Arthur done justice all round—to himself, the minister, and the parish? We think so. And we may take occasion to remark here, that if a congregation think it necessary to their spiritual good, that a minister should engage in no worldly occupation, but devote himself entirely to spiritual things and the affairs of the church, they are bound in common honesty to see that his earthly wants are sufficiently provided for. We do not particularly like to see ministers of the gospel living "in style," wearing "purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day," but we do like to see them able to live in a plain, simple, comfortable manner, with a salary sufficient to enable them to spare a little for charitable purposes occasionally, and to lay up something every year. Because a man is a minister, it is not fair to infer, as some appear to, that he is destitute of the common feelings of humanity. Protestants, who look upon the celibacy of the priesthood as a source of great corruption in the church, should bear in mind that if ministers have wives and children, it is a bit natural and right that they should wish to lay up something, so that when the head of the family is taken away, the flock may not be scattered abroad. And because this feeling is natural and right, the salaries of ministers should be sufficiently large to enable them to live comfortably, and have a little over at the end of every year besides. So much for "Paying the Minister."

"Woman's Sphere"—yes, dear lady, although you may have deemed otherwise perhaps, from things we have occasionally published, because we would have thought for ere so weak, we are believers in there being a peculiar sphere for women: and the moral of the story with this title, is a moral in which we have faith. Not but that we take all manner for the unfortunate situations out which women as well as men are often thrown in this confused hurly-burly of a world, and can look with admiration on the woman, who being left by the death of her husband with a large family of helpless little ones to provide for, gives out to despair, but takes a man's place in the world because a man's duties bring the highest wages. For a woman so circumstanced, who forgets her woman's nature, and enters into the strife of business on the out-door management of a farm, we have high admiration. Therefore you will see, my lady, we are not bigots in our creed. But, where a woman is so circumstanced that she has to call so severely to leave the common sphere of indoor duties and gentle ministrations which Heaven, or forming her as she is, has ordained, for her not risk happiness and entrusting the beautiful order of things, by seeking to—*usurp the breeches*.

What a come down that was—but we feared we were getting too sentimental for our sphere.

As to the other articles in this week's paper, dear reader, we shall say but little. All of you, not especially those who have passed a certain age, of giddiness, will be pleased with the information contained in the article upon errors relating to the scriptures. Many of the phrases there commented on, are in nearly daily use as quotations from the Bible—"Set to be wise above what is written," is a phrase we have used ourselves many times, under the idea it was a Scriptural expression, but we stand corrected.

How the young misses of romantic eighteen, yet, and older ones, too, up to the climbing area of rope twenty-five and thirty two speak this declaratively, will linger with sweet sad tears over "The Story of this Cottage," and "Love Inklings at Saratoga." Older heads, also, with hearts still young, even young, may be not say—such as the poet said in his mind when he sang,

> Age is on their temples hung,
> But their hearts are in their prime—

will linger, too, with a deep interest, over tales which bring back the memory of the wild fervor and pureness of "Annie's young dream," and deep as was every passion which so often rude and prompt, but oftener still, such began do not fade away—and though they may seem now the evanescent parts which dart their rises, and the reader will regret as much if not, when the rosy flushes of the hero widens and widens into the rosy, calm brightness of the sea.

Both—ladies' matter are we with not very much room left, and therefore, and for fear—for—and all that. Verily our congratulations must play in false—to-day, and we shall never get done our "gossip" at that rate. A spell said of gossip, too, our readers will think. Better stick to "editorial note-flying," they will say. Well, reader, call it what you please—but we are now out of note-flying—so to-day: and the editor assures us that next week's paper will commend to your favorable notice in the lump, as Franklin said grace (or proposed to say it) "over the whole barrel."

A CONTRADICTION.

The *Courrier des Etats Unis*, contradicts, upon the authority of the latest Paris papers, as well as of its own correspondence, the statement, that the eldest son of the Duke de Praslin, aged seventeen years, had committed suicide, on account of the heinous crime of his parents. The eldest son, it only exists, or twelve years old, and was alive and well. He also declares that paper contradicts the alleged suicide of M. Chevalier de Montrepose, and the assassination of its mistress by the Prince Eugene, son of Marshal Soult. There seems not the slightest foundation for these atrocious calumnies, which first appeared, nevertheless, in the Paris journals.

CUBA.

The N. O. National has received a letter from a gentleman residing in Havana, whose position there, the National says, makes what he writes worthy of consideration, containing the following in relation to the annexation of Cuba:

"With respect to the article about the sale of that island, I do not believe the statement, *for it is generally believed here that the Island will, in a short time, be a part of the Union, and I expect that island also.* When I have time I will write you an article on the subject."

DOMBEY AND SON.

The Britannia brought another instalment of Dombey and Son, for the American public. Mr. Dombey and the proud lady Edith, having made a tour in Paris, are now settled down in grand state in London. Edith manages the house—still looking to her husband as—the source herself for loving bought, and him for buying her. But to Cleveland, she is all indifference; and to Florence black shade settles upon the proud, stern father's heart, as he finds that his rival in the affections of little Paul, is also a rival in the affections of the haughty Edith.

A rather forced note that Miss Toe makes in this number to the Toodle family, but not the Literary world in a great ferment. Miss Toe signifies her intention to become a truly constant visitor at the Toodles', and the ostensible reason for it given by the traveller are so slight, that some critics begin to think that a mystery is to be developed—that little Paul that died, was not little Paul at all, but only a little Toodle—in one word, that the son of Dombey and Son still lives. In order that our readers may perceive that these surmises are far from unreasonable, we give the following remarks of the New York Mirror:

There is nothing extravagant in such a supposition—on the contrary, there are several little incidents in the story that can only be accounted for on such a supposition. Mrs. Toodle (late Polly, the wet nurse of Richards (Mrs. Toodles), at the death of the little boy; his mysterious confinement, and sudden disappearance of her own child, neither had before he closed his eyes; the odd comfort of Toodles when he encountered Mr. Dombey on the rails; his wearing a crape for the death of the supposed Paul, and many other little incidents, all tend to impress us with the conviction which we (all when Richards went to Brighton) that Toodle took her own child to her breast, that the coal not heard the exclamation which the boy in the coal cellar uttered, that the child was not little Paul at all, but a little Toodle—in one word, that the son of Dombey and Son still lives.

The Mirror's reasoning is very plausible, and we shall be curious to see how Mr. Dickens's story will come as near making a killing blunder as ever troubled Gil. A great deal depends, we know, upon the manner in which a story is worked out, but we anticipate nothing but disgust and confusion from such an attempt. We trust the denouement will be as natural as the genuine Paul. We have no intimations to the contrary have been thrown out of sufficient importance to lead us to suspect that the author intends to awaken the doubts of the great mass of readers; and though we see there are perhaps *real* intentions in the play of the Toodles, we cannot believe that there has never been even a doubt cherished by ninety-nine out of a hundred readers, but that "little Paul" was dead really, and without a hope of "little Paul." Why, would our friend Barard Taylor have gone to the trouble of writing his beautiful poem "Little Paul," if he had even dreamed that perhaps Paul was still alive—this would have been "rubbing Peter to pay Paul" with a vengeance. And Florence was humbugged, too; and Mr. Dombey; and Walter—pah! we will not believe it.

ANOTHER MONUMENT.

The New Yorkers have decided upon a plan for their Washington Monument, and the corner-stone will be laid, "with proper ceremonies," on the 19th of October next.

We are glad to hear that our New York friends have decided to plant their corner-stone at an early day, for, if we may judge by past experience, Monuments require a very long time to grow in this country—we suppose the soil is rather unfavorable to them. We remember that, not so fifteen, or even twenty years ago, there was a great celebration in this city upon the occasion of laying one of these cornerstones for a Washington Monument, and the affair was planted with "proper ceremonies," and "a plan decided upon;" and yet, though we have been carefully examining the ground where where the cornerstone was laid, we have never been able to perceive any indications of the monument's appearing above the surface. We hope that the New York city is more favorable to such productions.

The New York Monument is to be in the form of a pentagon, rising to the height of four hundred and forty feet, divided into six stages, each one receding slightly in diameter, one above the other. The monument will rest upon a terrace 150 feet in diameter, and fourteen feet high, which is to be surmounted by a statue of Washington twenty feet in height.

In the second section will be a grand monumental rotunda, to contain a statue of Washington, surrounded by statues of his Major Generals, and his foreign allies who distinguished themselves during the war of the Revolution, and a terrace pedestal enriched with the name of the leader Arnold. The third section will be divided into six stories, the rooms of which may be devoted to the uses of artists, and other purposes, as also the fourth and fifth sections.

We may be allowed to remark upon the above plan, that the terrace being cut by the pedestal with the name of the traitor Arnold, seems to us in rather bad taste. Better say nothing at all about the traitor in such a place. In equally poor taste is the plan of devoting rooms in a Monument to the uses of artists and for other nothing purposes. That "smells of the shop," in a most alarming degree. The idea of building a monument, and letting out apartments in it, may be all very well in the New York speculators, who have been so accustomed to making things pay, that they cannot abandon the idea even in building a monument to Washington. Such gentry would speculate in lots in the next world, if it were possible.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

If the reader should chance to see a single query to that propounded formerly, "Watchman, what of the night?" we should be able this week to answer it in a manner that will be quite satisfactory. That which was given on the occasion alluded to, "The morning cometh, and also the night," was, though a truthfulness in it was generally supposed, when we passed our last paper, that a peace would be consummated in a short period, the entire absence of authentic information on the subject, made by Mr. Trist and the Mexican Commissioners, naturally threw the brightness of the hope with which our evidence had begun to make glad their hearts.

The latest advices received from the City of Mexico, though we know not what reliance is to be placed upon them, also have a rather unfavorable appearance, inasmuch as they say that the Mexican Congress had refused to convene at the capital of the States, or even to meet at all, on the 16th inst., a city in the State of the same name, about one hundred and twenty miles southwest of the Capital, and said to be the centre of the anti-peace agitation.

It is also stated that Paredes and various other members of the party of the Church are actually supported the spirit of the Mexican people towards the United States, and busily employed in organizing a revolution, and anti-Santa Anna party. While the story of the condition of eight States, pledged themselves to support the Mexican Government in favor of a peace, is revised.

As to the state of affairs of the capital, it is alleged that great dissatisfaction exists among all classes. Many of the public functionaries have resigned their commissions, and the position of Santa Anna himself, is said to be anything but a bed of roses. The Government has called upon the clergy to contribute to the support of the army, which has not been complied with, and they have refused to furnish the money. The populace are ill-disposed, and have intimated that they deplore O'Connor, for they were his children's darlings at home.

A note was volunteered, so to speak, to us, that the latter was could change to act small cost.

THE SNAKE QUESTION.

Testimony continues to pour in upon us from all quarters upon the important question which the respondent in Michigan gives an account of a species in that section, called the hissing or flat-headed snake, which is said to be very poisonous all doubt, while another correspondent, in Indiana, says that the snake there called the "horse hammer young ladies," as to the harmless powers of a snake called in that quarter of the Union the "viper of the meadows." Now, as to the testimony of the "three handsome young ladies," considering the gossip loose by all the neighborhood, and another by the whole tribe, we regret that we shall have to put it aside as unreliable, and that the gentlemen who have favored us with their testimony, in the question, and their testimony goes to prove that at least one species of snake is harmless, and which is called by the various names of "hissing adder," "hissing viper," "black spreading adder," &c. As this species is the one which is found in the vicinity of New York, and which has been most frequently mistaken for it, it was one of the species which played so disgraceful a part at the garden party, and which, therefore, it is of the utmost consequence of knowing at its once whether or not it is venomous.

In such a condition of things, all we can do is to let the latter remain, true or false, favorable or unfavorable, to the snake, and to wait for the next week to see if we can obtain such an act that which we have to confess—for the week coming, they must not let the snake upon us. Our unfortunate position in the present state of a country which never yet has known its own mind, and which has been rendered up and and warlike excitement, by more factious and uncertain than ever.

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The letter-writer, anywhere to the La Fitte, from the correspondent in the city of Mexico, is dated the 20th of August, which is later than any previous intelligence from the capital.

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MODEST YOUNG LADIES.

A lamentable instance of false modesty occurred not long since in France. A fire having broken out in the night, the family hastened to make their escape. Two daughters of the farmer and a servant girl, forming a court assembled at the door, were ashamed of appearing in their night dresses, and returned for their clothing. In the attempt two of them were incinerated to death.

AMUSING AND IMPORTANT

The English and French Consuls having finally determined to cease their interference with the Argentine Confederation and the Republic of Uruguay, the blockade of the River Plate by the combined fleets, has been raised, and their forces withdrawn. This course has very much enraged the English residents in that quarter of the world, considering it as they do, to be humiliating, or a withdrawal of protection; and one of them sent Lord Howden, the English Consul, the following spunky letter.

Mon Lord.—After twenty years' residence in this country, and always remaining neutral in all its dissensions, on political subject, my opinion, my person, and my property, would be secure, I feel myself, by your precipitate, cowardly obedience to an upright and honorable conscience, to enclose you my certificate of naturalization, and henceforward would be to me a dead letter, as I never will trouble myself by asking protection from such men as a Whitelock, a Mandeville, or a Howden.

I am, my Lord, with Disdain,
HENRY FARNUM.
To the R. H. Lord Howden.

To the above presence his dignity, his Lordship made the following reply:

H. M. S. RALEIGH, July 16, 1847.

I have received an impertinent letter, and therefore in the story that can only be accounted for on such a supposition. Mrs. Toodle (late Polly, the wet nurse of Richards (Mrs. Toodles), at the death of the little boy; his mysterious confinement, and sudden disappearance of her own child, neither had before he closed his eyes; the odd comfort of Toodles when he encountered Mr. Dombey on the rails; his wearing a crape for the death of the supposed Paul, and many other little incidents, all tend to impress us with the conviction which we (all when Richards went to Brighton) that Toodle took her own child to her breast, that the coal not heard the exclamation which the boy in the coal cellar uttered, that the child was not little Paul at all, but a little Toodle—in one word, that the son of Dombey and Son still lives.

The Mirror's reasoning is very plausible, and we shall be curious to see how Mr. Dickens's story will come as near making a killing blunder as ever troubled Gil. A great deal depends, we know, upon the manner in which a story is worked out, but we anticipate nothing but disgust and confusion from such an attempt. We trust the denouement will be as natural as the genuine Paul. We have no intimations to the contrary have been thrown out of sufficient importance to lead us to suspect that the author intends to awaken the doubts of the great mass of readers; and though we see there are perhaps *real* intentions in the play of the Toodles, we cannot believe that there has never been even a doubt cherished by ninety-nine out of a hundred readers, but that "little Paul" was dead really, and without a hope of "little Paul." Why, would our friend Barard Taylor have gone to the trouble of writing his beautiful poem "Little Paul," if he had even dreamed that perhaps Paul was still alive—this would have been "rubbing Peter to pay Paul" with a vengeance. And Florence was humbugged, too; and Mr. Dombey; and Walter—pah! we will not believe it.

ANOTHER MONUMENT.

The New Yorkers have decided upon a plan for their Washington Monument, and the corner-stone will be laid, "with proper ceremonies," on the 19th of October next.

We are glad to hear that our New York friends have decided to plant their corner-stone at an early day, for, if we may judge by past experience, Monuments require a very long time to grow in this country—we suppose the soil is rather unfavorable to them. We remember that, not so fifteen, or even twenty years ago, there was a great celebration in this city upon the occasion of laying one of these cornerstones for a Washington Monument, and the affair was planted with "proper ceremonies," and "a plan decided upon;" and yet, though we have been carefully examining the ground where where the cornerstone was laid, we have never been able to perceive any indications of the monument's appearing above the surface. We hope that the New York city is more favorable to such productions.

The New York Monument is to be in the form of a pentagon, rising to the height of four hundred and forty feet, divided into six stages, each one receding slightly in diameter, one above the other. The monument will rest upon a terrace 150 feet in diameter, and fourteen feet high, which is to be surmounted by a statue of Washington twenty feet in height.

In the second section will be a grand monumental rotunda, to contain a statue of Washington, surrounded by statues of his Major Generals, and his foreign allies who distinguished themselves during the war of the Revolution, and a terrace pedestal enriched with the name of the traitor Arnold. The third section will be divided into six stories, the rooms of which may be devoted to the uses of artists, and other purposes, as also the fourth and fifth sections.

We may be allowed to remark upon the above plan, that the terrace being cut by the pedestal with the name of the traitor Arnold, seems to us in rather bad taste. Better say nothing at all about the traitor in such a place. In equally poor taste is the plan of devoting rooms in a Monument to the uses of artists and for other nothing purposes. That "smells of the shop," in a most alarming degree. The idea of building a monument, and letting out apartments in it, may be all very well in the New York speculators, who have been so accustomed to making things pay, that they cannot abandon the idea even in building a monument to Washington. Such gentry would speculate in lots in the next world, if it were possible.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

If the reader should chance to see a single query to that propounded formerly, "Watchman, what of the night?" we should be able this week to answer it in a manner that will be quite satisfactory. That which was given on the occasion alluded to, "The morning cometh, and also the night," was, though a truthfulness in it was generally supposed, when we passed our last paper, that a peace would be consummated in a short period, the entire absence of authentic information on the subject, made by Mr. Trist and the Mexican Commissioners, naturally threw the brightness of the hope with which our evidence had begun to make glad their hearts.

The latest advices received from the City of Mexico, though we know not what reliance is to be placed upon them, also have a rather unfavorable appearance, inasmuch as they say that the Mexican Congress had refused to convene at the capital of the States, or even to meet at all, on the 16th inst., a city in the State of the same name, about one hundred and twenty miles southwest of the Capital, and said to be the centre of the anti-peace agitation.

It is also stated that Paredes and various other members of the party of the Church are actually supported the spirit of the Mexican people towards the United States, and busily employed in organizing a revolution, and anti-Santa Anna party. While the story of the condition of eight States, pledged themselves to support the Mexican Government in favor of a peace, is revised.

As to the state of affairs of the capital, it is alleged that great dissatisfaction exists among all classes. Many of the public functionaries have resigned their commissions, and the position of Santa Anna himself, is said to be anything but a bed of roses. The Government has called upon the clergy to contribute to the support of the army, which has not been complied with, and they have refused to furnish the money. The populace are ill-disposed, and have intimated that they deplore O'Connor, for they were his children's darlings at home.

A note was volunteered, so to speak, to us, that the latter was could change to act small cost.

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COMPLIMENTARY.

We should not dare to copy the many complimentary puffs the Post, were a puff a merely paper, and of course the whole "family" have a right to know what concerns their "dargon," to use a polished phrase. First then, the Germantown (Ohio) Gazette, says:—

The Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post came to us in our new sanctum. The proprietors appear to mean to render it the best *family newspaper* in the country. It is indeed a beautiful sheet, and the only paper in the country, and deserving of—an extensive circulation.

The Wheeling Argus says:—

The Saturday Evening Post of this date, comes to us fresh in a new suit. This paper is published in Philadelphia, and is *one of the oldest and best literary papers we know.*

A correspondent in Millville, New Jersey, a medical gentleman, writes to us as follows:—

Enclosed I send you $2, which you will please put to my credit. I would prefer losing a sum of the highest consideration each day than to lose that mental sustenance, which the weekly visits of the Saturday Post affords me. Wishing you and your enterprise for moralizing humanity and elevating the character of mankind, I have the honor to be yours, &c.

Editorial Varieties.

SPECULATION.

The Public Ledger, of that generally contained an editorial article upon British speculation in Breadstuffs, from which we make the following extract. It will be seen that the great merchant prince, by speculation, as noted below, we may mention he has been engaged in the corn speculation for years in England, and the consequent commercial panic.

These speculations were begun by the "knowing ones" in the early part of the year, by the purchase and out of it, for months before any appearance of scarcity existed among the people, and they were carried to an extent which produced the panic which has swept over England and the real. Had no speculation in food existed, very little distress would probably have been felt in any part of the world. The failure of the potato crop in Ireland would have created a large demand for that very prominent would probably have been felt, though far short of those actually reached. The failure of the British Corn Crop, which was extended to supply all wants, and all panics would have been avoided. But the speculation in breadstuffs, operations in wheat, and the consequent failure of the Grand Republic of Europe, and not supporting from either any of the speculators, or by their partners, who have deposed of their property in the hands of a single speculator.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

The last accounts from Europe bring us confirmation of the rumored approaching abdication of the Emperor Nicholas, and the accession of the Grand Duke Alexander to the throne of all the Russians; but as it is not the following, which we copy from the Boston Courier:

Messrs. Bartlett & Welford received by the last steamer from England, an order from the Emperor Nicholas, for a copy of Audubon's Birds of the United States of America," and of the "Prime Writers," which contained the birth, and the death of the Grand Duke Alexander.

Whether the President has ordered these five copies each of American "Birds" and "Prime Writers" for the benefit of the Czar, or for the cares of state, or not, it is of course impossible for us to say. That he evidently intends, however, to give Audubon's great work a place in the library of the Czar, is shown by the large number of copies of the "Birds" which he has ordered, and the large encomiums he generally bestows. He undoubtedly will be surprised, as every body else has been when reading Dr. Griswold's "Poetic Sketches," at the great number of poets which already have sprung up in this country—though that that which is the most surprising is the great and peculiar admiration of our republican institutions he considers extremely problematical.

NEW APPLICATION OF STEAM.

Mathew Carey, Esq., of Helmuth, Erie county, Ohio, has made a small steam engine, to rock his child's cradle for him. The length of the engine and boiler is 164 inches.

What a fine thing it is, father, to have a boiler of the invention of your own! Why, you can rock the cradle, mend broken locks, make party parties to the cities, and do a thousand other things generally useful about the house on a rainy day. Such a husband is worth ten of your common good for nothing sort of husbands, who are only fit to be in the way, and to make themselves generally disagreeable. Always examine into this matter, you young men, young ladies. Try your lovers by the philosophical test, and see if they are worth breaking a dozen cradle when they are by. If they fail in this point, give them to the mother-in-law, and be on your guard against all such husband subjects, in which case you may accept them as a chance of trade.

NEWSPAPERS.

We are pleased to learn, from the last number of Neal's Saturday Gazette, that our friend and brother, Chas. J. Peterson, is about to engage in preparations on that paper. Mr. Peterson has been engaged upon Neal's Gazette, an assistant editor, for some time past, and we are pleased to learn that the paper will be edited by him, in connection with Mrs. J. C. Neal, who has been engaged in conducting the literary and miscellaneous portion of the paper for some time past.

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THE ODD FELLOWS.

We derive the following account of the present number of members, &c., of this order, from a report made to the Grand Lodge, recently in session in Baltimore.

The whole number of Lodges in the United States is 1,201; initiations for the year ending June 30, 1847, 32,784; revenue of Sub Lodges, $600,602; number of contributing members, 118,981; number of brothers relieved, 16,704; total amount relieved, $1,000,000; total amount disposed of $237,850 67, paid for the relief of 16,704 distressed Brothers; $21,184 70, paid for the relief of 1,076 widowed families; $2,000 00, for the education of orphans of deceased brothers; and $30,000, for the burial of 600 deceased brothers who had died the ensuing year. The increase of Lodges during the past year is 100—increase of contributing members, 29,028.

A BAD STORY.

The Richmond Whig gives the following sad picture of the losses of the Virginia Regiment of volunteers: They left their homes six months ago, about eight hundred strong; of this number, one hundred and sixty died at Vera Cruz, or on the march to Puebla, while three hundred and sixty were left sick in the various hospitals. About two hundred and seventy-two were in condition to fight in the late battle, and of that number, one hundred and forty-six fell! Of the field officers, Colonel, Pierce M. Butler) were killed or wounded, leaving a meagre remnant of 126, a country of 1,200,000 souls! Of the two staff officers, one was killed and the other severely wounded! Of the line officers—and not the gay banners, and soul-thrilling music and gorgeous uniforms of war!

ANOTHER HOAX.

If the New England papers do not soon stop their fooling-hoaxing, the credulity of the rest part of the country will have to take them in hand. Some time since a story went the rounds of the papers pretty generally, that the crop of potatoes in the east, that a physician in Manchester, N. H., had exposed the stomach of a patient, and removed the same without pain, and had completely restored the passage from it. The patient was represented as doing well, and likely to recover, but we have not seen any further account of the case.

It now appears, from a statement in the Manchester American, that the patient was a *hoax*. May the author of that hoax be *hoaxed* all the rest of his life!

GIN.

As persons who drink that delectable liquor called gin, may wish to know how the original article is prepared, we give the receipt. It is the receipt, which was lately brought forward in a London Court, as a set off or the value of Edwards' claim to the invention:

To forty gallons of gin add one teaspoonful of oil of vitriol, one teaspoonful of oil of turpentine, gill of spirits of wine, one ounce of angelica root, three ounces of orris root, quarter pails of tartar, two ounces each of Cluh gin and white pepper.

What a delightful compound!

New Publications.

THE PUBLIC MAN OF THE REVOLUTION. *Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* This volume contains a series of letters by the late Hon. Wm. Sullivan, with a biographical sketch of the author, and copious notes and references to his text. John T. S. Sullivan. The letters are addressed to Mr. Jefferson, and Mr. Jefferson should be returned in a very different manner to that in which they have been, if they are generally regarded. The following recollections of Washington, derived from repeated opportunities of seeing him during the years 1789 and 1790, are also interesting.

He was, as we have not just in stature, of strong, but common frame, without fullness or redundancy, well formed and straight. He was a man of most extraordinary muscular power. His limbs were full of nerve, rather delicately and finely proportioned than large. His hands and feet were small for his size, and such as one would think it should be in such a frame. His head was not large in proportion to his body, but not to be remarked, and was finely shaped. His national features had been destroyed long before I knew him, by the small pox, which had left him with a countenance not easily described. It was not severe, but full of dignity, and the serenity of a virtuous mind. His eye was dark, and though not large, was capable of much expression. His manners were those of the old school, and as such as one would think it should be in such a man. Grave, but not austere, dignified, but not reserved, and not the solemnity on which made his expression. His national costume

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

M. C. W. JAMES, of Baltimore street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Wisconsin Territory, and for St. Louis, Upper and Lower Alton, Illinois.

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

H. ISRAEL T. JAMES is our Travelling Agent for the Southern and South Western States, especially for K. K. Wright, William H. Wolf, G. H. P. Jones, John B. Wolf, Theodore P. Wolf, T. S. Harrison, Gratz, A. Henry, John Sergeant, Esquire, and Isaac D. Graham, all of Philadelphia, for the city and county in which they reside.

Mr. HENRY A. WISE is our Travelling Agent for Virginia and Tennessee.

THOMAS SUTTON is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is correct as to Penna.

SHAW & HOWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER F. WEBB, do. do. for New York State.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST May be regularly supplied at the Periodical Depot of REDDING & CO., No. 8 Ann street, and of ROBINSON & JONES, No. 30 Main Street, Cincinnati.

MILTON BOOLEY, Mayville, Alabama.
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CHARLES W. MOORE, Lexington, Ky.
C. M. P. MORSE, Petersburg, Va.
ROBERT TAYLOR & CO., Richmond, Va.
CHAPPELL'S PARK, Newark, Connecticut.

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above named Depots.

Our Correspondents

SCRAPS

FROM MY GRANDFATHER'S POCKET BOOK.

NO. 1.

Men have made an all-powerful fairy of Fortune, so that they attribute to her all their woes.

Fortune does not change men—it unmasks them.

Frequently persons too long concealed increase till they break the mask, that could have been foreguarded, it would have appeared that they did not deserve all the fine names secured of them.

He who remembers the kindness of his relation, is too much occupied with gratitude to remember the wrongs that may have committed towards him.

A man is received according to the cost he wears, and dismissed according to the intelligence he has shown.

Impudence is a medal, the reverse of which is ignorance.

Reflect in the lightning of calamity.

When you are about to say a thing, if you hesitate, when a company forget those of others.

Govern your house, and you will know how much your head can contain, and you will know your own children, and you will find out how much you owe your father and mother.

Great riches are like hydropic calamity plants and good people are not made for themselves, but to be useful to others.

Do not expect the gifts of Providence in wisdom, to enable others to enjoy them in virtue.

If you are desirous that no one should know your bad actions, do not commit them.

If there was no one, the bad—there would not be a bad world—if there was not a virtue—for we would have no desire for it.

If you are in love, to succeed in it, learn to love. The impatient are ignorant of good and evil, of the beautiful and the ugly of the moral world.

He who can bear every thing, may dare to do every thing.

As misery represents a moral thing, not to be found of it, would be to suppose a world without calumny or real misery is only a little misfortune—but to know the value of misery, and to undergo it courageously, either to shun or avoid it, is the part of virtue.

B. BLUETT.

MEASUREMENT OF CISTERNS.

A correspondent wishes to see as follows. Perhaps some of your readers can give us the desired information.

Dear Sir—I feel the necessity of addressing you on the subject, as I am about to build a cistern, and the following inquiries. In ascertaining the number of cubicles, is it correct to make use of some mathematical rule, or the eye? If the former, what is the measure to be employed in computing the capacity of cisterns? If the latter, please state the number of cubic inches in a gallon, and the number of gallons in one in a barrel.

I am somewhat fearful that my request is complicated with, will unnecessarily subject you to some trouble; but not having at hand any book that can afford me the information I desire, the only means of obtaining it, is by addressing myself to you. Should your numerous and engaged by different citizens, I am induced to note the intermediate from the fact that you are a subscriber to the Saturday Evening Post, and therefore, I presume, a reader of the numerous of your paper. If you can oblige me with the information sought, you will much oblige me.

Respectfully, &c.

General News.

FROM TEXAS.

The steamship Yantic has arrived at New Orleans, bringing Texas papers of the 20th ult.

A resolution was the Galveston News has been discovered, that contains a large quantity of coal, the quality of which it contains is said to be intermediate between

Large numbers of families have removed from the Rio Grande to the interior of the country. The present exciting topic of the guerilla parties that infest the country between the Nueces and the Rio Grande are treated with great humanity.

The election for members of the Congress of the United States, and for the election of Navigator, will be held on the first Monday in August.

Several thousand head of cheap have lately been driven from the Rio Grande to the United States, and to San Antonio and Guadalupe. They are purchased on the Rio Grande for about $1 per head, and may be driven to the Western frontier at a trifling expense. They are of the best quality, and command on the more favorable terms of any cattle offered.

The United Troops has recently visited the Cyprus Creek, the Arkansas and the Trinity.

The Indianola Weekly Bulletin, of the 14th inst., says our mail arrived on regular time between that city and Port Lavaca, and the mail is to be carried on to Corpus Christi.

The caravan for Governor's starting starts. The caravan for Governor's starting starts. The caravan for Governor's starting starts. The caravan for Governor's starting starts. The caravan for Governor's starting starts. The caravan for Governor's starting starts.

THE MEDICINE WE TAKE

Next to good soul should be good medicine. Any advertising in the New York Journal of Medicine, we, in this latter respect, are in a very bad case. The New York College of Pharmacy have issued a circular, in which they declare that the druggists, running down to bottom of the list, in the matter of drugs, are in the habit of substituting one article for another, or one preparation for another, without the knowledge of the purchasers. Many who know nothing of medicines except to buy cheaply and sell dearer. Absolutely discard from their shops all drugs in powder, and ground over and sold for genuine Turkey rhubarb, worth five shillings. The Compound Extract of Colocynth, which have suspected into the market for the last year, does not contain a particle of the Colocynth. It is a drug of no medicinal merit at all, along with some other worthless ingredients. A great proportion of the Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla sold is of the same character. More than half of the ointments are destitute in any active properties. Volatile oils are adulterated with fixed oils, and the latter with tallow. Even the essential oils are subjected to tampering that are in the habit of using them. Many of the tinctures are made with spirits of a lower standard than is ordered by the pharmacopœia. In short, the whole system of the drug trade is rotten to the core.

A GREAT INVENTION.

The name is Bartow Inc. to report a plan of constructing umbrellas, sun... Barlow Allen, which will entirely prevent... When it is shut, the end of the handle can be unscrewed, taken off, it locks the umbrella in that it cannot be opened. So it is that sheriff can't open it, and he would find that he has a... one with the end of the handle gone, and more... that he could not use it, but he would be unable to open it.

PRICE OF FLOUR.

The Albany Argus gives the following table of the prices of flour in that city, from 1804 to 1851, inclusive. The average have been taken on the prices during the season of canal navigation.

Years	Low price	High price	Annual price
1804	$6 76	$ 76	$5 25
1805	4 77	4 87	4 84
1806	4 75	5 15	4 98
1807	4 75	5 35	4 63
1808	3 78	4 50	3 99
1809	3 75	4 50	4 00
1810	3 37	5 25	4 08
1811	4 00	5 50	4 50
1812	5 00	6 25	5 25
1813	5 25	5 75	5 38
1814	5	10 50	7 50
1815	8 50	10 94	9 75
1816	7 50	10 00	7 00
1817	9 64	12 00	8 50
1818	8 00	9 00	7 50
1819	6 06	8 25	6 00
1820	4 94	5 63	4 87
1821	4 25	4 75	4 50
1822	5 50	6 50	4 13
1823	4 50	5 50	5 00
1824	4 50	4 88	4 17
1825	5	6 50	5 75
1826	5	10 94	5 75
1827	5	10 00	7 00
1828	9 64	12 00	8 50
1829	8 00	9 00	7 50
1830	6 06	8 25	6 00
1831	4 94	5 63	4 87
1832	4 25	4 75	4 50
1833	5 50	6 50	4 13
1834	4 50	5 50	5 00
1835	4 50	4 88	4 17
1836	5	6 50	5 75
1837	5	10 94	5 75
1838	5	10 00	7 00
1839	9 64	12 00	8 50
1840	8 00	9 00	7 50
1841	6 06	8 25	6 00
1842	4 94	5 63	4 87
1843	4 25	4 75	4 50
1844	5 50	6 50	4 13
1845	4 50	5 50	5 00
1846	4 50	4 88	4 17
1847	5	6 50	5 75
1848	5	10 94	5 75
1849	5	10 00	7 00
1850	9 64	12 00	8 50
1851	8 00	9 00	7 50

Highest average price, $9.64, was in 1817; lowest average price, $4.13, was in 1844. Highest price, $12, was in 1817—lowest price, $3.75, was in 1815.

AN OBLIGING PATIENT.

The other day a colored man was taken to the Washington Infirmary, to undergo the loss of his leg at such a character as to leave no alternative but amputation to save his life. As time was accordingly appointed, and preparation made for the operation, and several professional gentlemen were present. All the students to proceed immediately, but, on an attempt to commence the work, the patient became alarmed and declined it. He was assured that his life would be the price of his refusal, to which he replied that he would rather lose his life than his leg. The case was becoming rather serious, and there seemed to be no other insurmountable obstacle in the man's resolution, which, if yielded to, would inevitably bring about his speedy death, when Dr. Gibson remarked, somewhat at random, "But, ——," calling him by the name of the individual who acted as his footman to witness the operation, and if you are determined to retire, they will all be disappointed." The poor fellow turned it over a moment in his mind, and then promptly replied, "Well, Massa Gibson, sooner than the gentlemen shall be disappointed, you may take off the leg." Thus ended the performance, and the gentlemen were left to their disappointment.

THIRTY-SIX YEARS AGO.

The following letter, written in 1811, by Chancellor Livingston, to Mr. Jefferson, shows what a very intelligent man thought of railroads, thirty-six years ago.

ALBANY, March 11, 1811.

Dear Sir—I did not fail yesterday several years at the 13th of February, where it has been, and on the road, I am at a loss to say. But I believe read your very ingenious proposition as to the mode of improving roads, and I am sure it will be adopted in this State, and our Union, who will have the carting vote between the parties, that is to say for the Wagon, though he cannot give the preponderance to the Democrats.

Madison for President. James A. Seaman, Esq., Democrat, who came out as an independent candidate for Congress, in the 8th district of New York State, has withdrawn from the contest.

Henry Clay.—Mr. Clay left the White Sulphur Springs on the 15th inst. for Lexington, Ky. He was in good health and spirits. He expected to be at his residence in Ashland.

Samuel Swartwout.—The probate court in the city of New York has granted letters of administration to Samuel Swartwout.

Wife of Self-Confidence.—Mr. Gough, the temperance lecturer, said, in a lecture recently, that he had so little confidence in his own power to resist temptation, and was so fearful lest at any time he should again fall, that no sum of money, however large, no prospect of worldly advantage, would induce him to pass a night in a room with no companion but a bottle of brandy.

Iowa.—The Iowa Standard says that a colony of Hollanders, amounting to about one thousand, have purchased two entire townships in Marion county, and that they are mechanics and farmers. From these and others selected the site for a town. About three thousand more are expected to join them by next spring. These are the right kind of emigrants for Iowa.

Cotton Acres.—The Alexandria Gazette learns that the copper mine recently opened near Bentsville, Prince William county, Va., has been examined by competent persons, and the further promotion of the work encouraged. From these and similar signs about the country, it is evident that the copper bubble is really ready to burst.

Odd Odds.—A case of rum, cut, was recently discovered in Berkshire, Mass. The parties were a finished and fine wife of a respectable citizen at the village. The husband having corrupted them, the seducer was kicked from them, and the wife came home to her parents.

Iron Ore.—Three large distinct veins of good iron ore have been discovered on the farm of Mr. Hawley, Franklin county, Mass., which are said to yield sixty-three per cent. of pure metal, and to be of great extent. Arrangements are in progress for the erection of a furnace.

The Supreme Rock Choice.—At the meeting of the stockholders of the Lowell Railroad, it was determined by an overwhelming majority, to extend their road by the northern route to Rockford Slope. The vote was 1,017 to 76.

Plainfield Rail.—The Plainfield Bank property, real estate at Plainfield, was sold on Wednesday week, by order of the Receivers, at $6,745. It includes banking house as the term agrees with Van Ness. Its cost is stated at $8,500.

Thanksgiving.—The Governor of Missouri has issued a proclamation, under date of the 15th inst., recommended the 25th of November next, as a day of Thanksgiving.

Political Intelligence

NOMINATIONS.

The Whigs of New Jersey have nominated Wm. L. Wright, of Bergen, as their candidate for Governor.

The Whig County Convention at Detroit has unanimously nominated John M. Dean for President, the friends of Clay and Taylor, it is said, uniting in their influence.

Gen. Caleb Cushing has been nominated as the Democratic candidate for Governor, by the Democratic Convention at Worcester, Mass., with Henry W. Cushman for Lieutenant Governor.

In the House of Representatives.—The House numbers 228 members, and 115 is thus a majority. If the three States yet to elect shall vote as at the last election, the House will stand 114 Whigs, 111 Democrats, and one Native, who will have the casting vote between the parties; that is, he can vote for the Whig candidate or cancel given the preponderance to the Democrats.

Maryland Politics.—James A. Seaman, Esq., Democrat, who came out as an independent candidate for Congress, in the 8th district of New York State, has withdrawn from the contest.

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Clippings.

☞ Jane Quincy Adams will spend the next session of Congress during the coming winter. He thinks he can more to Washington more comfortably, and be more at home than at a boarding house.

☞ Master Randolph Hemmick, a youth of only seven years, is creating quite a furore at Charlestown by his performances on the violin; and the public have a prodigy of eloquence and intellect. Two years hence!

☞ A check is said to have the least embarrassment of any article of manufacture, as it constantly passes from hand to hand without being looked at.

☞ There are three hundred and twenty-one miles of railroad in Ohio.

☞ The Georgetown Advocate says it was its intent in last issue, that the steamer Governor Troup would leave Darien on the 15th inst., but the greater speed than is now attained. From the 15th put off her departure one or two weeks in a week, and a number of those machines at once. Each machine is carried on a pontoon or scow, and is controlled by one man, who, through suitable tube and cylinder, and one machine for each pontoon, forces the water from the pontoon, and thus elevates it to the surface of the water. The carriage of carrying the water would be very troublesome; but the water would be very troublesome; but the water would be very troublesome; but

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE.

OH, COME AND SIT BESIDE ME, LOVE.

BY A. B. P.

Oh, come and sit beside me, love,
And softly to me speak,
And let my kiss enfold the rose
That's nestling on your cheek.
One year has swiftly flown away
Since we our love confessed,
And earth was brightened in our eyes,
Because our hearts were blessed.

And I can truly say, my love,
That now I year is flown,
A better love within my heart
Makes answer to your own.
And by the new roses in your vase,
The new light in your eyes,
I know that yours has deeper flow
Than that which nestled its rest.

This is a goodly world, my love,
And oh, how fair it seems
When shadows fall not in the way
To gloom our sunny dreams
How bright the broad sun is to us
How sweet the flowers be
There is no darkness on our life,
The sun hath I can see.

This will not always be, my love
Some sorrow we shall see,
Some beauty from our lies will take
And sweets from flowers flee.
We could this, do we not, my love?
And I cannot forget,
That where I low but kiss the rose
A lily may be set.

Tis well to speak of this, my love,
And well for us to know,
That every mournful voice we hear
Had once a pleasant flow
Your voice and mine will change their tones
In singing and in prayer,
And one by one we shall take up
The burdens we must bear

But then we'll not love less, my love,
Nor then our lot deplore:
In deserted days will hope for light,
And smiles have tears before.
And then we shall more truly know
How life's full round of care
Is lightened and is borne below
When two the burden bear

Beautiful Sketch.

THE STORY OF THE COTTAGE.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.

In one of the pleasantest rides we have had about Saratoga, we found one day a cottage whose appearance, under a noble elm, and by the side of a brook whose prattling was forever musical, led me instantly to inquire who was the owner. I confess especially as it was evidently very old, and had about it the look of the 18th century. I took about a couple of hours for the driver to visit it, and having made up my mind that it had a story connected with it, I questioned the old man whom I found in it so closely, that I at length gathered a tale of the life of man, which may be worth writing here.

The Widow Johnson occupied that cottage sixty-five years ago, and with her lived a son, a noble boy of fifteen, who was the pride of the country around. None, we are told believed so he, except his adopted sister Kate Harden. She was indeed a fairy. Her golden hair seemed to be akin to the winds on whose breath it floated so freely, and her eye had won their deep hue from the sky into which she was so often gazing. "Why gazed she thus ?" She had a mother beyond the blue skies—Alas! A mother who dying had left her to the care of Mrs. Johnson, and until her years failed, changed her to meet her in Heaven. Nay, after she had ceased to speak, she held her daughter to her breast with her left arm, and pointing up with her thin, white finger, smiled a holy smile, and sought her home.

Mrs. Johnson was not rich in the world's goods. The few acres which she rented, afforded a mere subsistence, and Kate and Edward assisted her in her labors. It was not strange that these two children, when the one was sixteen and the other seventeen, should love one another. Kate was a strange child. They said she talked with those whom others could not see—and I do not doubt it. I have no doubt she held high communion with her sainted mother. At all events she was seen to see her oar in dreams of day as well as of night, until she could no longer resist its earnest call.

She failed. One by one the bonds that held her to her cottage home were loosened; one by one her gay girlish affections were mastered and suppressed, until one only remained, and then she was ready. That one love, was the mightiest of all. She did not crush that, for she was thoughtful enough to know that that might love when death was passed, for there are affections strong enough to reach from the realms of the sainted.

The morning of her departure came, with its sweet spring flowers and atmosphere laden with the odors of the country. All things seemed to be strangely solemn. The sun peered curiously in at the little lattice, and fell across the foot of the bed on which the slender form of the dying girl lay. Her hair hung doubtfully in its rags, and the very cat by the hearth looked up and seemed to feel that there was something sad going on.

The moment of agony at length came. She had parted with all else, and now her soul held bond between her two, and smiled on his pale face, (as pale as hers,) and spoke in a low sweet tone of all the past and future. "You will miss me when you go after the cow in the evening, Ned, and the lane will be lonely, will it not? And when you sit down here by the hearth with mother, and my chair is empty—you'll miss me then, too, brother. You'll sit at the table with her, and have no one at the side of it," and her voice, broken and faint as it was, fell to a lower tone as she continued: "Go out in the twilight sometimes, Ned, and walk down under the tree by the spring on the red seat. I'll come there if I can."

A moment's pause in silence as he leaned over toward her: then suddenly throwing her arms around his neck, she said, "I love you, love you, more you, brother Ned," and drawing his head down, pressed her lips to his, as the last long kiss of life, and laying his cheek close against hers, smiled a smile of sorrow and joyful hope, and—Kate was an angel!

"Is that all your story ?" did you ask ? Not by considerable, my dear friend. There's more love to come yet. "What! another love after his promised love with Kate on the green beach yonder by the spring?" Yes, sartinter; but not such a one as you imagine. Don't you suppose that a man can love anything else but a woman ? Why, my dear you do agree ? Remember, that Edward has a mother, and now he patient, and I'll tell you what became of her.

Mrs. Johnson and Ned had a lonely life after they had laid Darling Kate in the cold. Hundreds were by the churches at Milton: and as misfortunes are said to come in crowds, so in their case. That very year the crops failed, the cow died, and a dozen other troubles followed; and the result was, that Mrs. J. gave up the cottage and accepted the offer of a home with a kind neighbor, while Edward was to "go and seek his fortune."

He found in New York to a brother of his father, who was a rich captain, and who took him across the Atlantic. After his first voyage and two years absence from home, he returned to his foster's side "and" said the old man, my informant, "I saw him the first night he was at home, sitting under the elm tree and there where you see the green bank, and I heard that before dark that affectionate he had been once to the cheeks and the grave-yard."

A few days only, and he left his home again. His mother, gladdened by his return, was nevertheless much more cheerful to see him go than when at first went. This reluctance increased as the day approached, and on the night before it were passed when, to stay with her, but he had promised his uncle, and would not forfeit his word, one would she have him to do so. "I shall see you again soon—very soon, mother. Why do you feel so badly ?—That voyage is not to be a long one, and if my uncle does all he promises, I will buy you the cottage when I come back. We shall meet again, very soon, mother." "We shall meet again, when you father and you, and Kate and I meet yonder, my son," said the mother. "Why, mother! what makes you speak so ? It will not be a year before I shall have you, counting just here."

"Never again, my son. I know that but the last time your lips will press me to the Resurrection."

And so that mother and son parted. They met again five years ago in January: and till then. He was older than she, as we can count time, when he lay down to die among the wonders of the mighty metropolis. Every year, a pilgrim came in the early spring when the first flowers bloomed, and stayed for a few days in the cottage here. The afternoons he used to pass in the grave yard, but the twilight always found him seated on the bank by the spring. He grew rich until his coffers overflowed. He bought the cottage, but did not come to live in it. He seemed to have conceived an attachment for business and the city. His annual pilgrimage was the only relief he had from his counting room. He grew old, older, until he carried the weight of three score years and ten: a burly that solemn tryst of his boyhood. One winter day he had been too unwell to go from his lonely mansion, and an evening came on, he lay on his bed and looked into the grate, listening to the roar of carriages in the street without. A young man from his office entered and conversed with him in regard to the day's business, and left him lying there. He had sent his housekeepers and servants out himself.

Who shall say what were the thoughts that filled the mind of the weary old man that night, or what communion he had with the past—the far, but unforgotten past! Did he hear the wind rustling the leaves of the old elm tree ? Did the gurgle of the spring, the fall of the brook, the song of the birds, fill his ear with their old music ? Did his mother's hand press coolly on his forehead, and her voice woo him to sleep with one of her old mountain songs ? What fairy form was that ? Did his angel Kate hover around his bed, and did her lips press his, and was her kiss now on his brow ? Were those her arms around his neck, once more in the embrace of girlhood, and was that melodious voice here again murmuring in his ear,—"I love you, love you, love you, brother Ned." And did her cheek, her velvet cheek lie close to his, and did she draw him closer, closer to her in that holy clasp, and was all this a dream of earth or was it Heaven ?

It was Heaven, for he was there. W.

Selected Articles.

CHOOSING A WIFE.

Never marry a woman merely because she has a handsome face, or a well formed figure, or you may become miserable to angelic forms and faces. If her countenance has life and intelligence—if her figure is proportioned her walk and carriage are modest and indylike—and if her whole appearance indicates she has mind, heart, and soul, why she is worth all the world to you. Many of the "ills of women, that ever brought good looks as their only marriage dower. If the fair one you are addressing is rich in houses, lots, bonds, bank-stock, or railway shares, her worldly gear should not prove an insurmountable objection, but if she is poor, like yourself, so much the better. There is nothing like a young couple starting in life with fond hearts, clear heads, easy consciences, and empty pockets. You have something to live for, to hope for, to work for, to love for ! Your early struggles with the cruxes of this cross world, will only bind you the closer to your young, ardent, and long loving wife: and then those long, cold, cozy winter evenings, how delightful to sit by your humble hearth, after the toils of the day are over, conjuring up bright visions of the future, and occasionally looking from the fire to catch a look from a pair of dark, loving, sympathising eyes, that fairly dissolve your heart in sweet, gushing, trembling streams of tenderness, affection, pure devotion, and bright, joyous and undying love. Never marry a girl without having some clear idea of your means and position. It is possible you have been visiting her nightly for a twelvemonth: but you don't know her, you don't remember, every night you pay her visit you put on, not only your best clothes, but your best looks; and you may take our word for it, that 99 out of each succession of 100 are deceivers. Depend upon it, if your wife possessed all the riches of the Indies—if she was the mistress of every known and unknown accomplishment—if she had the voice of a Syren and the grace of a Sylph—if she was as beautiful as the morning, and shone with the glittering brightness of the constellated firmament of night—if she was mistress of all those natural and acquired gifts, with the encumbrances of a bad temper and an unamiable disposition, you may rest assured that your days of happiness would be few and far between, and sorrow. A correct estimate of your "intended's" character, it is quite likely, may be formed by ascertaining the character of her parents: for you may set it down as one of those fixed rules which should be constantly in force, that the painful test of experience, that the children of low and disreputable parents seldom make good wives and husbands. Never marry a girl who prates of religious matters as mere trifles. If she is a professing Christian, so much the better; for her conduct will examine, and consequently you learn from that board path which leads only to destruction.

In conclusion, if you can find a girl that possesses all the qualities which we have described, and who has, besides, the imperial wealth we have hinted at, you may take her little, white, soft hand, and murmur your long concealed hopes and wishes in her listening ears. Or rush down on her eyes, and color to her cheeks, and she hides her face upon your heaving breast, is plain generally adopted; you may be sure you have scored and won a girl that you will always love—always be proud of. In a society of prosperity—in sickness or in health—united or caressed—crowded or neglected—flattered or ebullited—in the bloom of manhood or of wrinkles, she will be your friend—your wife—she will ever prove to you a true, fond, faithful, loving wife. Her sweetest voice will be the music of your life, and her sweetest smile the twilight of your soul.

SONNET TO A FLY.

FROM THE KENDRICK GAZETTE

Son of Satchet—hold of misery
Bear me thou around my bed,
Little gilded speck of pleasure,
Tease me not, for I am weary.

Would grace or love to worship wend thee
Pass my heart to do thee harm
Keep not burning there around me
Treat me not to thy alarm.

On and past around the ceiling
Safe from every armed storm,
And trust an honest design
None will come to do thee harm

Little son of Summer go,
Perhaps to see more sorrow.

Our Picture Gallery.

CAPE DIAMOND AND THE LOWER TOWN OF QUEBEC.

At Grosse Isle, twenty-five miles below Quebec, the St. Lawrence is about ten miles wide; but it is wider a mile or two higher up, where the centre of the channel is occupied by the island of Orleans. This island is short, sapphire mines, and fine bread, and is well cultivated. Having cleared it, the river is seen to contract to about a mile in width, rushing from between steep and rocky banks, its course being broken, and its channel dotted by the island which it has to pass. Here Quebec appears in view, with its bold and picturesque headland, called Cape Diamond, so termed from the circumstance that crystals are frequently very pure and regularly formed, are found in the layers of slate rock that form the brow.* Quebec has a grand appearance from the river. The lower town occupies a narrow space between them, the base of the foot of the rock. The upper town occupies its summit, which is also covered with the far-famed fortifications of the city. But the feeling of admiration which the view from the river last excited, is considerably diminished on landing in the lower town. The streets or rather lanes, are narrow, crowded, inconvenient, and dirty—during the heat and the barrel-tone of the trade and commerce of the place, there is no incessant clamor, in which French and English are intermingled, cabmen and porters jolt each other, or knock the life out of the paper—and who has no business to transact at merchants' offices, or at granaries or stores, had better not delay his visit to the upper town, lest the admiration with which he viewed Quebec from the river give place to a very different feeling.

But the upper town, and the views from the rock, will, in some measure, compensate, for the annoyances of the lower town. Before him the beholder has the water's edge, from the foot of the rock; the upper town occupies its summit, which is also covered with the far-famed fortifications of the city. But the feeling of admiration which the view from the river last excited, is considerably diminished on landing in the lower town. The streets or rather lanes, are narrow, crowded, inconvenient, and dirty—during the heat and the barrel-tone of the trade and commerce of the place, there is no incessant clamor, in which French and English are intermingled, cabmen and porters jolt each other, or knock the life out of the paper—and who has no business to transact at merchants' offices, or at granaries or stores, had better not delay his visit to the upper town, lest the admiration with which he viewed Quebec from the river give place to a very different feeling.

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* Professor Silliman tells the following anecdote which is recorded in his valuable work on Canada :—"As I was immersing my eyes, upon a rock in which I had carried my hammer, and was about to use it, I was above the chimneys of the houses in the contiguous parts of the lower town, a man came running out, and with a French accent and with violent mute gesture and expostulation, conjured me to desist, lest the water's edge, from the foot of the rock, the upper town occupies its summit, which is also covered with the far-famed fortifications of the city. But the feeling of admiration which the

LOVE INKLINGS AT SARATOGA.

BY AN OLD "WATER DRINKER" THERE.

It seems to me that a very few years have affected a great change in the character of the visiters at Saratoga. It is now at a lighter, gayer pitch than it was when I first knew it, and much more airy and less serious than it used to be. When I first frequented Saratoga, "flirtations" were less frequent, there was a more solid and many a happy life of affection began where now we now stand. The old Congress Hall promenade was the scene of such courtships, and I am still, for the sake of these associations. Stand with the by this police, and I will tell you a love story.

It will be ten years next month, since I visited here for more than a week, and that week was the week I loved them! The one was a young man, my friend, a senior in Princeton, passing his vacation before commencement. The other was a girl, no other was a gentle girl. There is none here like her, none half so lovely. I should not the severe beauty of Saratoga on this summer. Out of some hundreds of ladies, there are not twenty that have the bearing of ladies. But, perhaps, I am not fair to her, and I am so judge. Certainly, I have seen none to compare with her. She was a fairy, full of sweetness, and purity, and love of God and heaven, and had on there a winning earnestness, that made her ten times more lovely. She was the worship of a host in admirers. Her seat in the drawing-room was always surrounded by a crowd, and she never appeared on the piazza but where it was dreamed, or a cold bow where that was desirable.

I have said she was a fairy in form. Her feet fell so lightly on the carpet (as Longfellow said of Portonia, "as a sunbeam on the water." Every movement of her whole body was full of grace. Her body. Her song was a gush of such overflowing exercises as I never heard surpassed; no, nor equalled. I have now fifty ladies in my mind, as I saw each day, did they know that I am the writer of this letter, would have I say them, but I am a beauty at Saratoga at this summer. Out of some hundreds of ladies, there are not twenty that have the bearing of ladies. But, perhaps, I am not fair to her, and I am so judge. Certainly, I have seen none to compare with her. She was a fairy, full of sweetness, and purity, and love of God and heaven, and had on there a winning earnestness, that made her ten times more lovely. She was the worship of a host in admirers. Her seat in the drawing-room was always surrounded by a crowd, and she never appeared on the piazza but where it was dreamed, or a cold bow where that was desirable.

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